



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

coming, turned her head from us, after the manner of the women of the country who are shy of "Parisians," the title they give to all strangers. She was on her knees continuing her milking, while the cow, munching clover blossoms, eyed us as if she thought we intended asking a favor of her.

"Where is the café?" we inquired of the well-rounded back, extending our ears the while in anticipation of the answer in Benonville patois that is odd and ancient and difficult to understand.

A handsome face was turned toward us, with laughing eyes, well-moulded nose, mouth and chin, and in perfect French with rolling r's the milkmaid offered to show us the way, as she kept the café with her grandfather. We followed in single file along a footpath through the growing grain, some one singing, as we went, the song, "Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?" while the maid looked over her shoulder, showed her white teeth, laughed, and called back to the singer:

"Continue, Monsieur, I don't understand your patois."

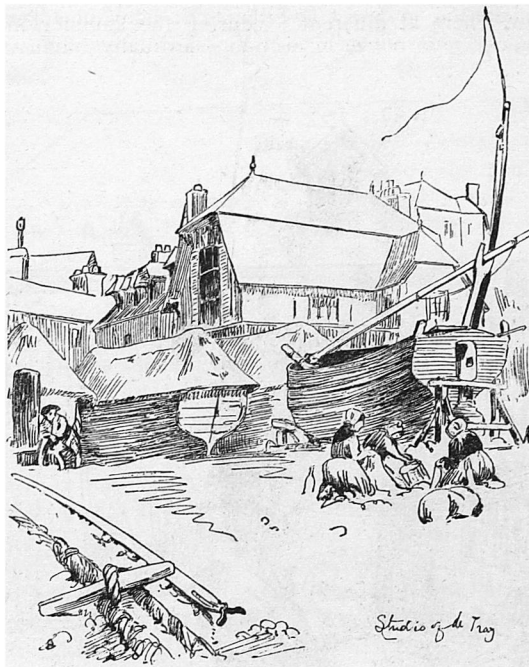
We sat under the apple trees before the tavern while the maid warmed on the kitchen hearth the coffee that we afterward took with sweet white bread cut from a huge loaf, with plenty of home-made butter fresh from a curious old churn with huge wooden cog wheels. We told our Hebe she was handsome, evidently an old story to her, young as she was, and we learned that she was brought up in Paris (of course she was, with her rolling r's!), that her mother had been very beautiful, that the peasant men about there were "brutes," and that the young beauty had an "ambition."

"What is it?" we curiously asked.

"It is not to go to Paris, it is not for silks, satins and fine linen—it is to see la belle Ernestine!"

There are more excursions beyond Benonville—to Watelot with its church restored in ugly fashion, but with a refined ancient steeple to delight the connoisseur, and farther on to Vancotte, with its cosy beach and cluster of cottages, a place destined to become famous. Already painters are wished for, and at the hotel there is a tariff for them much below the rates for the ordinary visitor, for Vancotte expects the painters to hasten its glory and prosperity. Goderville is also a "bout de promenade," where the tavern is fitted with curious old pottery and furniture, and kept by a brother of the beautiful Ernestine, whose welcome may be sincere, but is at any rate overpowering. Cocville-on-the-sea is a place famous for shrimps, and we drove over with a large party, paddled round among the rocks all the afternoon, pushing a little net, had "lots of fun," damaged our feet, caught an average of one shrimp each—"not a red one among them," as the youngest of the party exclaimed with disappointment—and bought several hundred of a fisherman on the way home, for it would not do to return without "a good haul." We rode home late to dinner, but perfectly contented with the day and ourselves, notwithstanding one of the party with intrusive mind for calculation informed us, when we had settled for the wagon, that the shrimps we had caught would cost about a louis each.

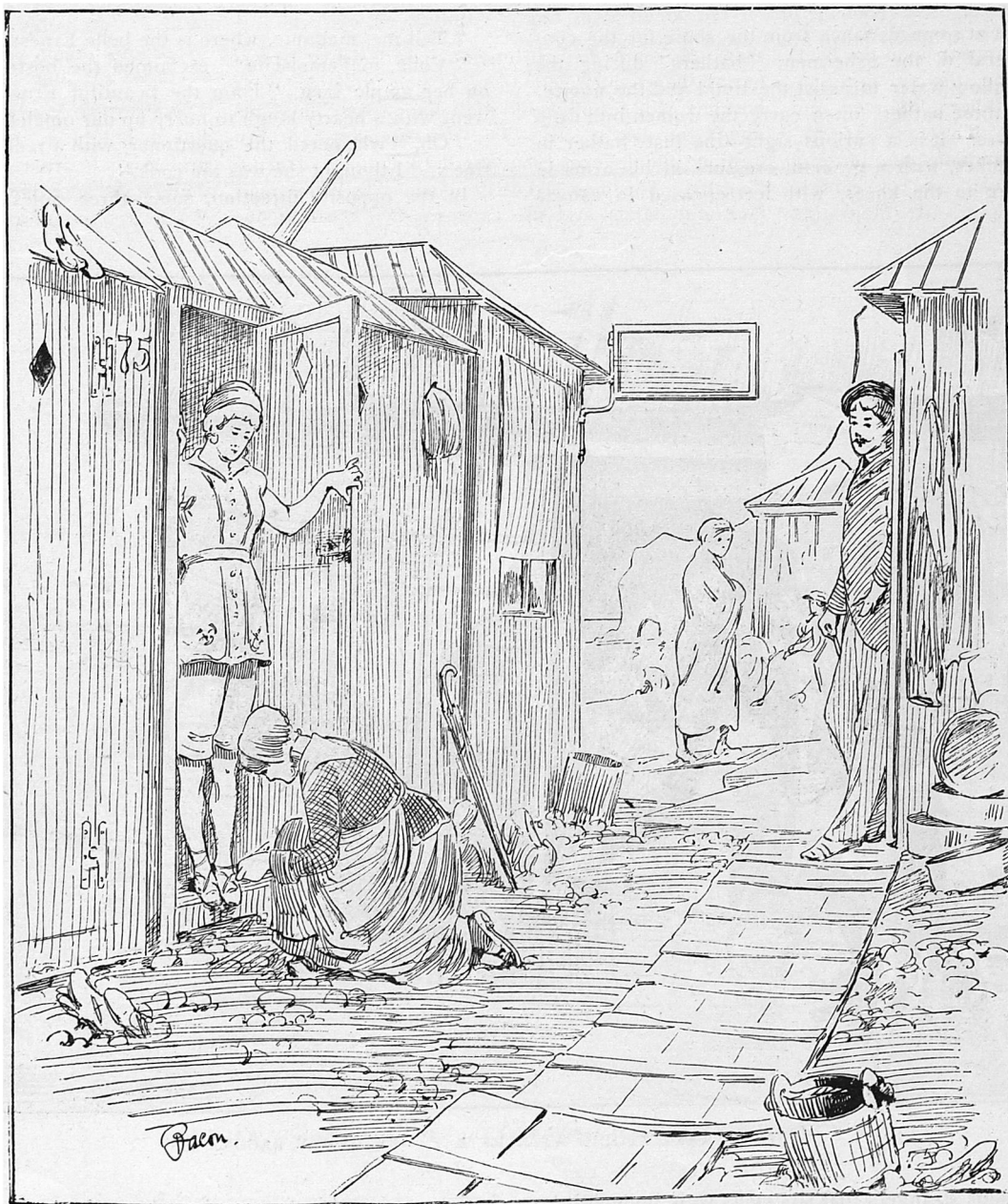
The sketches which accompany this article will recall to the former visitor more than one familiar scene, and to the stranger will, I trust, suggest some ad-



"STUDIO OF DE TRAZ." BY HENRY BACON.

equate idea of the delights of this charming seashore retreat.

Do you wonder, with all the attractions I have named (and many I have not, including the good



"IN THE BATHING SEASON AT ETRETAT." BY HENRY BACON.

Hotel Hautville and the pleasant Casino), that the artists still cling to Etretat, although fashion has begun to invade the place and a railroad is threatened?

HENRY BACON.

LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

WHISTLER'S "ARRANGEMENT IN YELLOW"—WATER-COLORS AT THE DUDLEY AND AGNEW GALLERIES.

EVEN yet the quidnuncs in art have scarcely ceased to talk of the etching exhibition of the irrepressible Whistler, who has managed this time to "sauter aux yeux" of the spectator not by the dubious merit of his Venetian views, but by the insolent artifice of the "arrangement in yellow" contrived as a setting for them. Naturally enough Whistler's career, both artistic and social, has given him the renown of a mountebank, a renown which his last display will not decrease. The artistic features of the affair, the spaceless, substanceless, lightless, unreal, and scratchy etchings, had so little importance amid the furious yellow glare in which they were set, that but for the audacious catalogue collecting and repeating criticisms upon his work, one might naturally suppose they were intended for mere spots of dull shadow to enhance the all-pervading glow, which was the real purpose of the exhibition!

So much has been written of Whistler's art that no one was surprised to find in these latest expressions of it the same vulgarity and impudent disregard of the beauty of form and imaginative suggestion that have always characterized the artist. Truth is not in him, for one daily familiar with the palaces and churches, the bridges, lagunes, and canals, which he thus reduces to "impressions," would never suspect of his own unaided vision what was intended by the brown lines and black smudges called by stately names. For all Whistler tells us to the contrav, Venice is but a jumble of crooked and eccentric lines, absolutely without the broad lights and massive shades that make its reality ever memorable and ever fascinating to artists, and as little suggestive of the Venice of romance, poetry and regal history, as a withered leaf is of the dewy, full-blown flower. One may well ask what is the real use of art which serves only to manifest one idiosyncrasy of an erratic temperament, or why, when true art is a diapason of so many tones, he should be called artist at all who pitches his voice to one shrill shriek, and supposes himself to be a part of the symphony merely because of the monotonous vigor of his voice.

The Whistler room was a perfect "aggervation" of Whistlerism. One was blinded upon entering, and involuntarily squinted in trying to look at it. The walls were all covered with white woollen stuff, strained taut, the floor with yellow matting. The portière and chimney-piece were of the very yellowest of imitation satin, the chairs (the cheapest of cane-seated ones) were dazzling yellow as to wood-work, dazzling white as to cane. Upon the yellow chimney stood a row of small vases, yellow ones and white, arithmetically arranged, the white ones each holding one staring yellow flower, a full-blown marigold, the yellow ones an equally full-blown white chrysanthemum. A huge earthen pot upon the floor, daubed with a thick coat of yellow paint, held yellow daffodils, while in a corner, upon one of the yellow chairs, sat a human figure in white flannel coat and trousers faced with

yellow, and with yellow stockings lavishly "en evidence," vending catalogues!

For a pleasanter theme let us turn to the nearly six hundred water-color drawings at the Dudley Gallery. "The Dudley Gallery Art Society" is the name taken by that portion of the old Dudley Society which remains in the Egyptian Hall, while the rest have betaken themselves elsewhere. The change in the society has certainly, for one of its first results, a marked improvement in the general quality of the exhibition, even although the superficial aspect remains much the same. It seems impossible for London exhibitions to throw off their habitual expression, in which long, lank, lithe maidens, in æsthetic raiment, reaching up to fruit-laden boughs or carrying burdens of asphodel against sage-green tapestry like backgrounds, and dead maidens with half-opened mouths à la Rossetti and his post-mortem Beatrices, have such important parts, and this first exhibition of the new society shows that the "high art" spell of its predecessors has fallen also upon it.

Only two of our compatriots appear upon the Dudley walls under the new régime, the old familiars—such as Hennessy, Mark Fisher, Bloomer and Helmick—sending no pictures. These two are W. Magrath and Mrs. Howard Campion, the latter a Californian. Both these "envois" are of cabinet size, and both equally unpretending. Mr. Magrath's is a landscape called "Sussex Meadows," eminently prosaic, and apparently labored, without focus of light or effect, the entire dull scene washed, not bathed, in a feeble light which is neither of dawn, day, nor twilight. Mrs. Campion's picture is called "The Letter" and is as decorous and young-lady-like a piece of painting as one need wish to see. The peasant girl reading her letter in a very bourgeois interior is a made-up studio model whose costume is evidently an evolution of the artist's studio "props" rather than a representation of any real peasant costume. The painting is careful and conscientious, the drawing correct even if timid, the result well-regulated and conventional, and far more English in its respectability than with any evidence that the artist was ever a pupil of Paris ateliers, as she once was.

At the Agnew Gallery are exhibited good examples in water-colors of such names as De Wint, S. Prout, David Cox, Rosa Bonheur ("Morning in the Highlands"), William Hunt, J. Linnell, Bonington, Turner, Copley, Fielding, Harpignies, Millais, Birket Foster and H. S. Marks. In this gallery we find two of our countrymen, each represented by two canvases. D. Ridgeway Knight exhibits "An Anxious Watcher" and "A Rainy Day," both showing figures of his usual rustic maidens, refined, both physically and spirit-

ually, or rather sentimentally, to a degree unknown to real rustic life. Knight's are not exactly drawing-room misses transferred to the fields, not hot-house and yet not field flowers, but rather pretty garden flowers, quite out of place among rough clods and where toil is heavy and the blast may blow keen. Jules Breton refines his peasants spiritually, but leaves

in the foreground, a billowy field stretching behind them to a sunset sky. The other is a late sunset scene with two little English peasant girls sitting with their backs to the light, upon the brink of the water in which they see their own figures. Mr. Weatherbee is often said by critics to imitate the late George Mason in those peculiar atmospheric and

shadow effects which Mason so lovingly sought in the dying day, although he himself declares that he never saw a Mason until long after the critics had begun to call his own pictures imitations. He is particularly fond of pink glancing lights on bodies otherwise in brown shadow (the tops of the sun-bonnets of the little reflected rustics are rosy while the faces are brown), and finds, as he says, a more subtle and delicate poetry in the vagueness of the deepening twilight than in the full brilliancy of the day. His style is large and free, and his aim evidently poetic suggestion rather than sensuous effect.

M. B. WRIGHT.



"ON THE BEACH AT ETRETAT." BY HENRY BACON.

them the coarse-footed, brawny-armed, heavy beings nature shapes them, while Knight's rustics might wear bottines No. 3, and would melt like waxen blossoms under too hot a sun. The workmanship is both forcible and delicate, showing high culture of artistic gifts. The most exquisite finish is lavished upon face and hands, and the canvases are charming to

SKETCHING FROM NATURE IN OIL.

SKETCHING from nature in colors is an occupation full of delight to the amateur, and invaluable to the professional artist; but the latter should clearly understand what he proposes to himself in its pursuit. While the amateur has, nine times out of ten, no purpose in view beyond the gratification of a refined taste or the wish to bear away a bright memento of scenes from one cause or other henceforth to be held in prized remembrance, the professional artist, on the contrary, does, or should, always look upon sketches as studies which are to have a practical and decided bearing upon the future and matured efforts of his genius, and serve as effectual aids to the production of finished pictures.

Having procured some paper already prepared for sketching in oil (that in the form of compressed blocks is most convenient), or so-called "Academy board," begin by drawing a careful outline in pencil. As your time will probably be limited, it is better to use a medium which dries faster than me-gilp, and the common practice now is to substitute copal varnish, which not only dries very rapidly, but also preserves the colors in all their original brightness. With this then and a little raw or burnt umber rub in the light and shade and general effect,

carrying it over the masses of foliage, but leaving the sky untouched. Sketch in faintly the forms of the clouds in pencil, then with an azure tint compounded of ultramarine and white, mixed occasionally with a little black to bring the tint nearer nature, paint in the sky, beginning at the top, adding more white as it approaches the horizon, and giving the lowest parts a



"IN THE BATHING SEASON AT ETRETAT." BY HENRY BACON.

look upon without the least appeal to any sense that lies beyond the eye.

The other American, George F. Weatherbee, a Boston boy who studied in Antwerp, sends two much more conspicuous canvases, called respectively "Gleaners" and "Reflections." The former is a harvest field with two large female figures glean-